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THE LOGOS.

BY

THOMAS HILL,

PASTOR OF FIRST PARISH CHURCH

PORLTAND:

HOYT, FOGG & DONHAM.

Gift of Rev. George May,
of Leicester, Mass.

In the N. Y. Independent of Aug. 3, 1882, Dr. Thomas Hill published an "Oratorio without music." It would, if set, require more solo singers than could readily be brought together. He has therefore modified it as follows: sacrificing a good deal of dramatic action, but gaining greatly in dramatic unity, and reducing the solo parts to five.

ARGUMENT. In the school of St. John at Ephesus his disciples lead him to tell of the wedding at Cana, when he perceived that Jesus was the Christ; then of the rebuke at the Samaritan city; when he learned what the spirit of Christ is; then to dictate the proem in which he declares that it is the spirit of God.

TIME. One morning divided by two intermissions.

PERSONS. *St. John the Apostle, Gaius, Demetrius, Cyria, Priscilla; and a chorus of other disciples.*

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EASTER.

From the midnight of the grave,
All-victorious, strong to save,
Comes, resplendent as the sun,
Jesus, GOD'S anointed One.

Darkness he has driven away ;
He has brought immortal day ;
Death and Hades strive in vain
Night and chaos to retain.

Hail ! thou mighty Conqueror !
Wonderful and Counselor !
King of glory, Prince of peace !
Never shall thine empire cease.

Jesus, from among the dead,
Raises his triumphant head ;
Sing the glad, exultant strain :
Hell is conquered, Death is slain !

Kindled in an honest heart;

Gift of Rev. Samuel May,
of Leicester, Mass.

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PART I.

OPENING OF THE SCHOOL.

JOHN. Ye who believe in Christ, the Son,
 May have great boldness in your prayer;
 Knowing still your Father's love,
 Trusting in his holy care.

CHO. All holy, everliving One!
 With uncreated splendor bright!
 Should total darkness quench the Sun,
 Thou art our everlasting light.

Shine yet more brightly on our souls,
 Reveal in us thy blessed Son;
 Fulfil for us his dying prayer,
 That we, with him and thee be one.

GAIUS. Beloved teacher! we have never heard
 What led thee first to know th' incarnate Word.

JOHN. Behold the Lamb of God! the Baptist cried;
 I followed straight with Andrew at my side:
 And all that day with him we still abode,
 To drink the living streams that from him flowed.

CYRIA. O happy souls who keep
 To Jesus ever near;
 From whom the perfect love of God
 Has cast out every fear.

Not at the judgment bar,
 But o'er the mercy seat,
 They hear forgiving tones of love
 And words of promise sweet.

JOHN. The second day from that we met again;
 'Twas at the wedding feast of those I loved,
 And Jesus by his presence blessed the pair.

DEMET. Naught can quench love's holy flame
 Kindled in an honest heart;

Strong as death, it glows the same
 E'en though death the lovers part;
 Glows, and winter flies away,
 Rains have ceased, the flowers appear;
 Birds are warbling on the spray;
 Love makes spring-time all the year.

JOHN. How clear my memory of that day!
 Then first triumphant hope illumed my soul,
 The clouds of sorrow passed away,
 And prophesy displayed her wondrous scroll.
 The ruler of the feast brought forth a wine,
 Drawn as he thought from fruitful Palestine.

CHO. How favored is that land
 By Providence divine;
 To give it dates and grapes,
 The south and north combine.
 Wine cheers the fainting heart,
 Wine keeps the courage up;
 But cursèd be the man
 Who shall abuse the cup.

SYMPHONY.

JOHN. This was no product of that happy land,
 But Christ's alone. I saw, at his command,
 The jars with water filled; thence saw them dip
 That richest wine that e'er touched human lip.

TRIO. What wondrous perfume breathed upon the air!
 Oh! never was a flavor half so rare.
 Nor with that color e'er could wine compare.

JOHN. What wonder then that thus I sang:—
 I hoped; but now I know!
 My master is the Christ.
 The promise, long delayed,
 Will now be realized.
 The galling yoke of Rome
 From Israel's neck shall fall;
 And Judah's scepter shall control
 The nations one and all.

CHO. This is the one whom Moses said
 The Lord our God would raise;
 'Tis Balaam's mystic star which sheds
 On us its holy rays.
 The Wonderful, the Counselor;
 The Prince of Peace his name;
 Through all the nations of the earth
 Shall spread his mighty fame.

AN INTERMISSION IN THE SCHOOL.

PART II.

GAIUS. Thy hope was still that Jesus would restore
 And stablish David's kingdom evermore.

PRIS. How mild is Jesus' reign,
 How stainless was his life,
 Not like king David's, stained with blood
 And filled with constant strife.
 Through ages yet to come
 His scepter shall control
 The kingdoms and the tribes of earth
 In one united whole.

JOHN. We bade the men of Gannim hear the word
 Which Jesus spake; that prophet of the Lord—.
 They scoffed the Nazarene from Galilee;
 No Nazarene could e'er a prophet be;
 Nor would they hearken to the voice of him
 Whose face was set to seek Jerusaleim.

GAIUS. I should have wished to call
 The fire from heaven upon them all.

DEMET. I should have asked the Christ for power
 Live coals and brimstone on their heads to shower.

GAIUS. Come down quickly! said the King.
 His words the fire, and not Elijah, bring.

DEMET. Swift flies from heaven th' unerring flash;
 Their death-groans die amid the thunder crash.

CHO. Thy prophet sat apart upon a hill,
And, at his word, the lightning wrought thy will.
So perish all thine enemies, O Lord!
Thus make thy name throughout the earth adored.

GAIUS. Or let part living fall, like Korah's troop,
Into a yawning pit; let fire descend
To burn the rest; let all the godless race
In common death and death eternal end.

CHO. The son of Izhar scoffed
At Moses, man of God,
And thus provoked the Lord
To make him feel the rod.
The everlasting rock
A sudden earthquake rent;
Down the abysmal pit
He and his household went.

SYMPHONY.

JOHN. 'Twas thus we felt; we asked the Christ for power.
Lo! he rebuked our wish.
Not to destroy, he said,
But to save life, he came ; while he he
Must suffer in man's stead.

SYMPHONY.

CYRIA. O! holy Lamb of God!
Must thou to slaughter go?
And on thy sinless shoulders bear
Our heritage of woe?
Must thou endure our grief?
Our stripes be laid on thee?
The sins of many must thou take,
And thus our ransom be?

CHO. Crown him the Lord of Glory,
Conquering with love each foe;
Age after age his story
Shall ever brighter glow!

INTERMISSION: JOHN *retires.*

PART III.

DEMET. Our master once was called a son of thunder;
His gentle love now fills us all with wonder.

PRIS. O, eagle saint! thy pen
Has written God is love;
Thy flight the eagle's; but thy voice
As gentle as the dove.

CHO. Anti-christ still finds his word
Clothed with thunder by the Lord.

DUET. Oh, how sweet to hear him tell,
(On the theme he loves to dwell,)
Of the holy Lamb of God
Who hath saved us through his blood.
Clear before his inward eye
Stand the scenes of days gone by.

CYRIA. What sympathetic sorrow rends the hearts
Of all who in that mournful chamber stand!
But Jesus puts the hireling mourners forth,
And takes the clay-cold maiden by the hand.
Maiden, arise! the maiden straightway rose;
And rapturous joy had banished all their woes.

CHO. On the mount he saw him stand,
Radiant with light and glory there;
'Neath the olives saw him kneel,
Wrestling in agony and prayer.

PRIS. In the shadow of the cross,
Where the holy sufferer hung,
Mary, full of sorrow, wept;
Treble woe her heart had wrung.
Tenderly her dying Son
Yields her to the care of John.

DEMET. Next to Mary, John beheld
The empty tomb, whence Christ had risen;
When the Lord triumphant burst
Forth from Death's arrest and prison.

CYRIA. Mary's eyes, bedimmed with tears,
Knew not that they saw the Lord;
When he spoke her name, her soul
Thrilled with strangely sweet accord.

GAIUS. The slave at Patmos, toiling in a mine,
Beheld and heard, both words and sights divine.

CHO. Like the sound of ocean waves,
Thundering on a rocky coast,
Rolled the song of the redeemed,
Echoed by the heavenly host.

JOHN *re-enters the school.*

GAIUS. Here comes the man revered! Father we entreat,
Record the truths thou lovest to repeat.

JOHN. My hand is tremulous with age, I cannot write.

DEMET. Thou needest but to speak, and we will write.

JOHN. Take then the pen; God will, through me, indite.

SYMPHONY.

JOHN. In the beginning was the Word,
With God it was, and it was God;
But when in human flesh it took abode,
Revealed to mortal sight its glory glowed.

QUAR. O, eagle saint! above the heavens now soaring,
Above the waves of time beneath thee roaring,
Thou hear'st the eternal word, and art adoring.

CHO. In the beginning was the Word,
With God it was, the Word was God;
In human flesh it sought abode.
On us its awful glory glowed,
With grace and truth its beams were bright,
And love eternal was its light.







